

CHEROKEE,

AN OPERA,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatre - Royal, Drury - Lane.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HAUNTED TOWER.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

London:

PRINTED IN THE YEAR

M. DCC XCV.

EUROPEAN MEN.

COL. BLANDFORD, - MR. KELLY.
HENRY, - - - - MASTER WELSH.
OFFICER, - - - - MR. COOKE.
AVERAGE, - - - - MR. HOLLINGSWORTH.
J. AVERAGE, - - - MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
RAMBLE, - - - - MR. Dignum.
SER. BLUSTER - - - MR. BANNISTER.
JEREMY, - - - - MR. SUETT.

EUROPEAN WOMEN.

ZELIPHA, - - - - MRS. CROUCH.
ELINOR, - - - - SIG. STORACE.
FANNY, - - - - MISS LEAKE.
WINIFRED, - - - - MRS. BLAND.



MALOOKO - - - - MR. BARRYMORE.
ZAMORIN, - - - - MR. C. KEMBLE.
ONTAYO, - - - - MR. SEDGWICK.
PATOWMAC, - - - - MR. CAULFIELD.
INDIAN, - - - - MR. DUBOIS.

SCENE, AMERICA.



THE
C H E R O K E E.

A C T I.

SCENE.—*The Borders of a Lake in America.*

Enter BLANDFORD, followed by Light Dragoons,
Two pieces of Cannon attended by the Artillery Men,
SERJEANT BLUSTER and SOLDIERS.

Trio.—BLANDFORD, BLUSTER, RAMBLE.

NOW victory's smiles bid us banish all care,
We shall triumph again in the smiles of the fair;
The Song and the bumper our joys shall encrease,
And our laurels shall bloom with the olive of peace.

Blandford. 'Twas nobly fought, my friends—
this treacherous attack of the Indians, so furious
and unprovok'd. [Enter Officer.
Well, sir, how far have you pursued them?

Officer. To the wood beyond the mountains,
where Malooko and his Indians, who knew the
secret paths have taken shelter;—farther we dare
not venture with safety to our troops.

Blandford. Where are the Austrian tribe?

Officer. Malooko himself did attack them; he
has escap'd, but among our prisoners is his friend
and Councillor, the valiant Zamorin.

Blandford. Ha! Zamorin? let him come hither.

(Enter Zamorin, attended by two Soldiers.)
Zamorin, Why is it I see you thus? you are the
avowed friend of the English, you know them,—
you have lived among them.

Zamorin. It is my duty to obey my chief—there
is my answer.

Blandford. You are brave and valiant—you are
at liberty—you are free.

Zamorin. Englishman, that liberty which I
scorn to ask, and you have thus generously bestow-

THE CHEROKEE.

ed, shall be used to your advantage—Thank me not—I shall render you no service inconsistent with my country's honor, or my own.

Blandford. I ask it not—but—

Zamorin. Hold—Malooko alone of all our Cherokee's is adverse to your people, and will meditate revenge; I think our nation's honor forbids it:—this will I tell him; farther I dare not.—farewell brave English. [Exit.]

Blandford. Give him safe conduct—and lead the rest of the Prisoners to the fort.—We must now meet the assembled chiefs to confirm the treaty—come my friends, we have yet much to do.

(Exit all but Officer and Ramble.)

Officer. My dear Ramble your hand, you have fought bravely.

Ramble I did my duty as well as I could, Look'ye, we Englishmen are all Shipmates, our duty and our Interest are spliced together, d'ye see, our country's cause is our own, and when the good old Ship's in danger, he that wont give 3 cheers, and sink or swim with her, send him overboard—I say, to find food for the Sharks.

SONG.

*Our country is our ship, d'ye see,
A gallant vessel too;
And of his fortune proud is he
Who's of the Albions crew;
Each man, what'er his station be,
When duty's call commands,
Should take his stand, and lend a hand,
As the common cause demands.*

*Among ours'lves in peace 'tis true,
We quarrel—make a rout,
And having nothing else to do
We fairly scold it out;
But once the enemy in view,
Shake hands we soon are friends;
On the deck, 'till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.* [Exit.]

SCENE

THE CHEROKEE.

5

SCENE — New Settlement.

Enter SERJEANT BLUSTER and Soldiers, Drum and Fife, and Jeremy.

Jeremy. O Bless us, Bless us! what a battle! O Master, Serjeant, and Gentlemen all, I rejoice to see the due number of legs and arms among you. Serjeant have you seen my Master? did you see Master Johnny? O how he laid about him—the most courageous lad in all America;—I nurſ'd him myself, the boy's not of age; not of age yet, Gentlemen, I assure you—a mere fucking hero, from the Cradle to the Counting-house, from the Coral to the Carbine, as I may lay,—never fired a Gun in all his life before.

J. Average (without.) Load and prime.

Jeremy. O here he comes.

(Enter J. Average, with Musket and Belt.)

Serjeant Bluster. My brave young Volunteer, how shall I rate your services?

J. Average. Why, master Serjeant, if you like the specimen, you shall find the rest of the article agree with the sample.—I find I was born for a Soldier—a Soldier I am—and a Soldier I'll be.

Jeremy. Master Johnny, have you left the Counting house?

J. Average. Curse the Counting-house, did not my father leave me a good fortune, and did not he send me over to America to old uncle Average, to see the world? I'll never nib another pen. Master Serjeant, please to rate me in your books, John Average, late of Basinghall-Street, London, Merchant, but now of America, Volunteer.

Serj Bluster. We shall with pleasure claim the service of so brave a fellow. [Exit with Soldiers.]

J Av. The sooner the better; draw on me at sight.

Jeremy. And will you stick to some profession at last master Johnny? have you given up all thoughts of Law, Physic, and Divinity?

J. Average. Why I never thought of any profession but the army.

Jeremy.

Jeremy. 'Twas but last week you talk'd of nothing but briefs, detainers, demurrs, and the practice of the courts.

J. Av. Courts Martial, Jeremy, Courts Martial.

Jeremy. And then again, on hearing of Dr. Drowsy's preferment, you preach'd me to sleep about taking orders.

J. Av. Giving Orders Jeremy, giving Orders.

Jeremy. Then you was going to be dub'd M. D. and thought of nothing but Physic.

J. Average. Ay, then I was sick and naturally thought of physic, but now the Military ardour which has ever fir'd my bosom, breaks forth with irresistible force—

Jeremy. Like the flying Gout—settles in one place, and the more violent the fit, the sooner over.

J. Average. Make ready! present! Fire!

[pointing his Musket at *Jeremy*.]

Jeremy. O take care, master Johnny—here's a letter from your Uncle, he desires you will keep your promise in marrying his daughter Miss Elinor.

J. Average. Well, I have not time to think of that now—I dont know any thing about it—but this I know, Jerry, I have this day shewn myself a Soldier, and depend upon it, ev'ry day of my life shall prove me ditto. *(Exit.)*

Jeremy. Ah! now the toils of war are over, and Love claims his due—as I live there goes my adorable Fanny—where can she be going this time o'day—Fanny! Fanny! *(calling.)*

Old Av. without. Why Jeremy! why Jeremy!

Jeremy. O Bless us! Bless us! here comes old Average, master Johnny's uncle.

Enter OLD AVERAGE.

O. Average. Why, Jeremy, what can all this drumming and firing be for to day?—why, do you know on this very day the neighbouring Chiefs were to meet in our Settlement to ratify the peace.

Jeremy. Why, Sir, I'll tell you, That restless fellow Malookoo, upon a hunting party to-day, fell out with Patowmac our old ally:

J. Average

THE CHEROKEE.

7

O. Average. Well but what's the cause?

Jeremy. O the old cause—woman—this fair European Lady, Madam Zelipha.

O. Average. Why, who is this Madam Zelipha? tho' she's our next door neighbour, as I may say, she keeps herself so shut up, that one can't learn a word about her.—What do you know?

Jeremy. Why Sir, I have the most accurate account; in the first place, she's very handsome, but nobody knows who she is; the next, she came here with the Indians, but nobody knows where she came from, and as to her future destination, nobody knows where she's going to.

O. Average. Very much oblig'd to you for your intelligence; but to our own affairs Jerry; did you deliver my message to my Nephew and Daughter of my intention to marry them?

Jeremy. I just now deliver'd your notification to that effect.

O. Average. Well, what said he to my orders?

Jeremy. Said!—why he said he would obey no orders but what came from his commanding officer; that none of the Articles of War could justify your conduct; that you might bring him to a Court Martial, but you could not break him.

O. Average. Break him! a dog, I'll break his head; I'll Court Martial him: was it for this I instructed him in the knowledge of the Counting-house, learnt him Policy-insurance—the art of fabricating news—and the science of getting Rich?

Jeremy. Riches! I'd have you to know, my Master and I despise Riches, we are for glory. Riches! dirt, poo, soil to trample on.

O. Average. Let me tell you, it's a very good soil to take root in—the family-tree planted there, —rises to happiness, and the further it spreads its branches from the ground, the more it advances to perfection: but I'll talk no more to such a puppy.

Jeremy. Puppy!

O. Average. Ay Puppy.

• Jeremy. Let me tell you this is not language t
be

be used to a man who has seen such a terrible, bloody, well fought engagement, as I have witnessed this day.

O. Average. Ah! from where did you see it coward? didn't you clamber up into a tree like an hunted Bear.

Jeremy. Ha! ha! ha! I did, I own it. My anxiety to see the battle, and to witness every man's personal bravery, that I might do honor to, led me, I own, just to step up aloft;—there I sat as snug as possible, and overlook'd all the military operations.

SONG.

*Oh, what a sight it was to see,
Oh what a din, what a glorious rattle!
And I so snug, perch'd up in a tree,
Had a Bird's-eye view of the battle.*

Ambition is a hero's boast,

*Therefore I chose so high a post;
To be calm and cool in the midst of a fray
Is a hero's rule: then tell me pray,
Where could I be so cool as in a tree?*

And near to the top I was safe from a pop.

*Oh, what a fight it was to see, &c, &c.
There were Chickaws, and Cherokees,
And Mohawks, and Miamies,
And Schenectaws, and Catawbas,
All with their Sachems, and their Squaws!*

Oh what a fight it was to see, &c, &c.

SCENE.—*The INDIAN CAMP, surrounded by Mountains, A storm of Thunder—Music—A number of CHEROKEE-INDIANS, after some little time Enter MALOOKO, ONTAYO, and INDIANS.*

Malooko. Enough! see the bright spirit of the day, smile thro' the gloom in answer to our prayers.—Arise! Warriors, Friends, Countrymen! think of our nation's wrongs, and swear revenge on the accursed sons of Europe!

Ontayo. We swear.

Malooko.

THE CHEROKEE.

9

Malooko. Eternal enmity! Eternal strife!—what bold, unbidden foot dares intrude upon our solemnity?

Enter ZAMORIN.

Zamorin. Hold, I censure you—Hold.

Malooko. And who is he who dares avert the oath, prompted by justice and our nation's wrongs?

Zamorin. I dare avert dishonorable rage—unjust revenge—Ay point at me your arrows;—'twill be glorious to kill an unarm'd friend, who prefer'd counsel against unworthy friendship.

Malooko. Zamorin, dost thou forget to whom thou speakest?

Zamorin. No—To one, whose skill in arms, and swiftness in the chase, becomes his nation's honor and his glory. To one, whose honor I would guard dear as my own, even 'gainst himself.

Malooko. Zamorin!

Zamorin. In this affray the shaft of discord came from the Indian bow, our warriors were to blame—we fought—were vanquished.—the English now hold forth the cup of peace, shall we persist in error?

Malooko. You are deluded by these fawning Europeans!

Zamorin. Friendship compels me to declare the truth, 'tis for the haughty Zeliphia you raise the standard of war; 'tis for that proud fair, you brandish the sword around.

Malooko. Zamorin spare me.

Zamorin. I will spare myself the furtherance of a painful task, but where is your captive the son of Zeliphia?

Zeliphia (without) Stand off! make way! where is my son?

Malooko. 'Tis Zeliphia, I know her voice—I thought when I had seiz'd the callow infant, the parent bird would flutter to its cage.

Enter ZELIPHA.

Zeliphia. Where is my son! my darling boy! oh give him to me.

Malooko.

THE CHEROKEE.

Malooko. The lovely Zelipha is in my power.

Zamorin. Think not of them, remember within this hour depends your fate, perhaps thy life.

Malooko. Hast thou no fear thy form might raise rejected passion to revenge ?

Zelipha. What should I fear ! The all-seeing eye of heav'n approves my purposes, and shields me with its rays—tremble wretch tis thine to fear, the bolt of vengeance lingers to strike more sure—O give him to me.

Malooko. Lovely enchantress, if thou wouldst pity move, shew by thy feelings what thou wouldst inspire.

Zelipha. Tyrant be dumb—the voice of nature speaks, a mother claims her child.

QUARTETTO.

MALOOKO, ONTAYO, HENRY, ZELIPHA.

Hen. Oh set me free, (from behind)

Zeli. ————— Those accents dear,

Hen. A parent's well-known voice I bear ;

Zeli. Tremble, Tyrant, at my frown,
A mother's curse shall sink thee down.

Mal. Disdainful fair, 'tis thine to fear,
Remember I am Sov'reign here.

Ont. Seek his resentment to affuse,
Or tremble at Malooko's rage.

Zeli. Haste, bring him forth, release the boy, { Henry brought

Mal. 'Tis mine to save, or to destroy. } from behind the

Zeli. Hark ! give me way—I claim my son, } mountains by 2
No peril will thy mother shun. Cherokees.

Mal. This dagger mocks thy ravings wild.

Zel. Oh ! save him, — save him, — spare my child.

Mal. With bitter pangs thy frowns I feel, { Going to
That scorn directs the fatal steel. } stab Henry

Zel. Oh if compassion thou canst feel,

Hen. Behold distress in suppliant kneel,

Ont. This captive boy whom fortune gave,
Both love and policy would save.

Mal. He lives — your prayer his life ensures,
He's dear to me, for he his yours.

Zel.

THE CHEROKEE.

11

Zel. Such are the gifts that heroes give,
Hen Mercy the truly brave regard;
Ont. In faithful mem'ry long shall live,
The deed bear'n can alone reward.
Mal. In thy remembrance long may live,
The deed thou canst alone reward;
Ont. Yes! let the boy in safety live,
The prudent deed shall Love reward.

SCENE—*Old Average's House.*

Enter ELINOR.

Elinor. I think I shall ever respect our old ally Patowmac for having afforded me an opportunity of serving this unknown Captive, this unfortunate Zelipha—I long for Fanny's return—O here comes my cousin Jack. [Enter J. AVERAGE,

J. Average. Ah cousin Elinor!

Elinor. Ah cousin Jack—so you have had a Battle? I hear you have turn'd out quite a Hero;—La! who would have thought it; are you quite done with trade?—

J. Average. Trade! curse trade! your traders are as heavy as their own Sugar Hogsheads or Rum Puncheons.—Rum Puncheons did I say, the comparison's too good, for they've no spirit in them.

Elinor. And I hear you had such a Battle; what a charming thing is danger when it is over. But I am an unfortunate Girl.

J. Average. Unfortunate! How so pray?

Elinor. Never met with an adventure in my life worth speaking of, having had the common advantages that other folks have had: now you have been more fortunate.

J. Average. Yes, I have had my share of dangers; been in the midst of accidents;—talking of accidents Elinor, you know we have always look'd forward to the day, when we were to form a Co-partnership for life; your father has just informed me that that day is now arrived.

Elinor. To be married you mean,—Yes I know it very well.

J. Average. I receiv'd the message at 7 P. M. per the hands of Jeremy my man. Eli.

THE CHEROKEE.

Elinor. 'Tis very sudden !

Average. Aye it's nothing new, our parents settled the affair for us when we were children.

Elinor. Then they foresaw, I suppose,—we should like each other.

J. Average. Why yes, I think we ought to like each other.

Elinor O certainly 'tis our duty.

J. Average. I dare say we shall be very happy.

Eli. But yet now 'tis very odd when children we should take such pleasure in pleasing each other.

J. Average. Ay and the moment they told us of being man and wife we quarreled like cat and dog. An odd thought strikes me, how come we to consent to this ridiculous plan of our parents.

Elinor. Nay, I dont know ; you speak first —

J. Average. I believe it was because I was told.

Elinor. I'm sure that was not my case for I never do what I am told, and I do think, from the moment Old Nurse told me we where to be married, I hated you like poison !

J. Average. What did you think of marrying me for then ? —

Elinor. Because I thought I could not be my own mistress any other way ; and you know, one would learn the task, rather than not go home for the hollidays.

J. Average. How pert she is !—If we come together, thus it stands.—Matrimony Dr. to Cash 50,000^{l.} vexation, hatred, quarrels and the devil.—Pr. Contra, Cr. happiness, good humour and all the pleasures of life. What say you to a dissolution of partnership ?

Elinor. A Bargain —

J. Average. O ! a Bargain.

DUETTO.

Eli. Like paint first used in Hymen's vile connexion,
Seeming to aid, it spoils the mind's complexion ;
For dimpled joys attend your call no more :
Wrinkles succeed where dimples smil'd before.

J. Av. Wedlock's a fatal stock for speculation ;
High, when you buy, is rais'd your expectation :
The sinking fund of joy it is no doubt,
And if you once buy in, you can't sell out.

Eil.

THE CHEROKEE.

13

Eli. *My heart beats with pleasure, when bidding adieu!*

J. Av. *The journey of wedlock,—who will may pursue.*

Eli. *To all marriage squabbles—*

J. Av. —*And consequent hobbles*

Both. *My heart beats with pleasure, while bidding*

Eli. *Perhaps you'll repent it!* [adieu!]

J. Av. —*Repent it, Oh! never—*

Eli. *A Bargain!*—

J. Av. —*A Bargain!*—

Both. *Adieu then for ever.*

J. Av. *My heart beats with pleasure, while bidding*

Elinor. *As witness this locket—* [adieu!]

J. Av. —*Your ring's in my pocket,—*

Eli. *Here take it;*

J. Av. —*Here take it!*

Both. *This vow—I'll ne'er break it.*

The bargain, now void, I,—my joy may reveal,

Releas'd from my promise, how happy I feel!

J. Av. *A Bargain!*

Eli. —*A Bargain*

Both. *Adieu then for ever!*

Enter JEREMY.

Jeremy. There they are, pretty Turtles, cooing,
cooing I dare say---O Bless us! Bless us! how
happy they are!

Eli. Bless us! bless us! what an old fool you are!

Jeremy. Master Johnny, she calls me an old fool.

J. Average. Why so you are.

Jeremy. No wonder! joy takes away our senses,
and I am so happy to think of this blessed union,
'tis no wonder I've lost mine.

J. Average. Jeremy the firm's dissolv'd—I hate
the thoughts of a new partner too.

Elinor. Yes, Mr. Jeremy: your Master and I
have resolv'd to be made fools of no longer.
I sha'nt give him up so easy, neither.

Jeremy. Bless us! Bless us! why I would have
insured the match at 40 per Cent.

J. Average. Then your policy is not worth a
farthing.—Look'ye, Jerry; never talk to me about
Matrimony or Trade; I've done with accounts,
and when I write again, it shall be with red ink,
red ink.

B

[Exit.]

Enter FANNY.

Elinor. Well Fanny, how have you succeeded in the commission I sent you upon—have you seen Zelipha?

Fanny. Yes Ma'am, and —

Elinor. As your Master has march'd off, I'll thank you to bring up the rear, Mr. Jeremy.

Jeremy. O certainly, ma'am!—Bless us, bless us! I shall never get an opportunity of disclosing my flame to that charming creature. [Exit.

Fanny. Zelipha has sent her Son by an Indian Messenger—but here they are.—

Enter ZAMORIN in disguise with HENRY.

Eli. The unfortunate Zelipha invokes heaven to repay your goodness, and implores your protection to guard this, her only Son, from danger.

Zam. We have been pursued, tho' I trust under this disguise, we could not be discovered.—Humanity induced me to risk this enterprise, which, if known to Malooko, my life would be the forfeit. Ex

Elinor. How happy am I in assisting her; fortune seems to smile upon me, I seem to be getting into difficulties;—a Lady in distresses—an Indian Messenger—an inflam'd hero,—this is an adventure!—I will take you to Col. Blandford, he will protect you.—Nothing puts one in such good humour with oneself, as doing a charitable action by a fellow creature.

SONG.

Sweet sympathy's pleasure most lovely appears,
Where the heart beats impatient to succour distress;
And in pity's soft brilliance shall play on the tears,
The warmth of that heart, which the wretched would bless:
On the rainbow the sun dispersing his power,
His mid glories he paints on the soft genial shower.
Sweet sympathy's, &c., &c., &c.

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE

THE CHEROKEE.

15

*SCENE, — An open part of the Forest, in the middle
a Grave, Seats erected on each side for the INDIANS and
ENGLISH, (Music) Enter PATOWMAC and INDIANS
bearing the Hatchet of War.—Enter MALOOKO, ZA-
MORIN, ONTAYO, and a number of INDIANS; — En-
ter OFFICER, BLUSTER, and SOLDIERS, BLAND-
FORD, and LIGHT DRAGOONS, RAMBLE, and
ARTILLERY-MEN.*

Malooko (afde.) She has not quite escap'd me yet ; — e're this her boy is in my power again.

Zam. Think not of them : remember where you are.

Malooko. Curse on the abject silence I must keep ; but fear me not, I'll keep my oath, for my lips are lock'd by policy's insidious bands ; even now, tho' I see the proud ambitious Blandford, the rival of my fame, soaring on curst fortune's pinions, else-where my towering Spirit would soar.

Blandford. Hail to this happy day ! which sets us all at peace.

Patowmac. Briton, behold the pledge of concord here ? Bright as yon azure sky, the belt of Peace—the sons of Independance, here assembled, speak with one voice the answer of their Nation ; — henceforth we are brothers.

Enter ELINOR and HENRY.

Elinor. O Col. Blandford, I've a charge to intrust to your care. — This little boy is but just releas'd from captivity, and cannot be safe anywhere but with you.

Blandford. I will prote&t him — were my own boy alive he might resemble him ; I will defend him with my life.

Malooko. Ha ! my Captive stolen—'tis well, young runaway, you have deceiv'd me.

Henry. No, I scorn deceit—'tis you that are deceitful ; you yourself,—you first gave me my liberty, and then set your Indians to catch me : but luckily my heels were the quickest.

Malooko. Ha ! d'ye hear ? this boy's taught to revile us ! Englishmen restore my captive, or —

Patow. Your Captive?—Blandford, he's mine,
I give him to your care; you stole him from me.

Henry. Ay so he did—stole me from one who
treated me kindly.—But is my Mother safe?—

Patowmac. She is, and shall be, so—while this
arm can defend her.——

Malooko. Traytors! slaves!

Blandford. Malooko, yet be calm, you shall
have justice; can the noble mind desire more?—
and for this boy, I'll answer to you for him.

Henry. Do Sir, 'till I can handle a sword, and
then 'll answer to him, for myself.

Malooko. My wrongs will blaze out. Indians
declare your will.

Ontayo. Malooko's wrongs echo thro' the
wood;—I am for war.

Malooko. Then let the uplifted hatchet strike on,
I say?——

Patowmac. The English are our friends.

Blandford. Hold!—presuming, contumacious
chief, and know thyself—from thee I turn to these
my fellow warriors, in whose cause I fought, I
bled, I conquer'd—conquer'd thee.

Malooko. Dastards and slaves—thus to be de-
luded by a mere sycophant!—Hear me, thou Brit-
ton, name abhorr'd! no more charge me with
dissembling:—these vile baubles, your country's
gifts, have too long disgrac'd me: I cast them from
me.—with that sword receive the pledge of hate—
of enmity eternal! If there be any yet, among
this deluded throng, brave spirits, who despise
inglorious bondage, let them arise, and come
with me, into our nature's wilds, and breathe pure
liberty.

[Exit. *Mal.* *Ont.* & *Cherokees.*

Blandford. Indians! Cherokee's! my friends!

Patowmac. Fear not whatever the dark Malooko
may resolve, we are your friends;—If I speak truly,
let ev'ry chief arise and declare his purpose.

Cherokees. All! all!

Patowmac. War's blood-stain'd hatchet in this
grave we'll bury.

TRIO.

THE CHEROKEE.

17

FINALE. Blandford, Henry, Elinor & Indians.

*Now friendship's arm rejects the shield;
Of war to form th' eternal grave,
Peace here shall hail her trophied field,
And golden grain exulting wave.*

TRIO.—BLANDFORD, HENRY, and ELINOR.

*In praise of peace, its martial tone,
The trumpet shall employ:
The happy sound shall echo own,
And swell the chord of joy—*

CHORUS.

*With arrows quiver'd, bow un-strung,
The warrior quits the hostile plain;
Loud be the praise of concord sung,
The mystic calumet shall reign.* [Exeunt.

Enter MALOOKO, and INDIANS.

What gone!—I knew they dare not stay to meet us— (Thunder, &c.)—hark! the Thunder re-echo's our wrongs.—The emblem of peace,— thus I break asunder, and from this grave restore the true emblem of our purpose.— Now let the war-whoop lays resound to death or victory.

SONG and CHORUS, ONTAYO and INDIANS.

*Power unknown, who, in the storm,
Shroudest on high thy awful form;
For vengeance, vengeance we implore—
Give us revenge—we ask no more.
Give us to emulate thy force,
As fierce, as rapid in our course.
Swift as thy whirlwind may we fly:
And like the arrows of the sky,
Oh! wing our ev'ry shaft with fate!
Let terror on our cries await;
And grant that like thy Thunder's sound,
Our war-whoop may the Foe confound.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

B3

ACT. II.

THE CHEROKEE.

A C T . I I .

SCENE—ZELIPHA'S COTTAGE,

Enter ZELIPHA from the COTTAGE.

SONG.

AH! what avails the busy care,
 That fondly decks this fav'rite grot;
 If hapless passion doom'd to bear,
 The faithful Harriet is forgot.

Oh no, my heart, so true to love,
 Shall confidence acquire;
 Come smiling Hope, and let me prove,
 The joys thou canst inspire.

Tho' wisdom—visionary deems
 Thy airy, dear delights;
 Yet rather give me pleasing dreams,
 Than anxious sleepless nights.

Oh no, Ec.

Enter WINIFRED.

Zelipha. Well Winifred, what news?—

Winifred. O Pless you, hur has creat news—hur
has seen the poor little poy, look you.—But the
young Lady is coming to speak to you.Zelipha. Receive her, Winifred, while I go and
compose myself, for alas! I find that hope can
agitate as much as fear. (Exit.)

Enter ELINOR.

Winifred. O plessings on her sweet face, Miss
Elinor, is not that hur name, look you?—what a
time it is since hur talk'd to a Christian womans.—

Elinor. Well, where is your Mistrefs?—

Winifred. O hur has gone in, but will be here
presently.Elinor. O that is right,—for I have a thousand
questions to ask you.

Win. O the more the better for hur loves talking.

Elinor. Well then, what —

Win.

Winifred. — Hur will tell you all about it, for tho' hur never saw hur Master, having come to hur Mistress put two days before hur sail'd to this tevil of a Country, yet hur has heard the story so often that hur knows it by heart.— You must know that hur Master was a handsome shentleman, an Officer shentleman, and a fine shentleman.

Elinor. Well but what became of this fine Gentleman?

Winifred. O pless hur we dont know—but don't you be in a hurry, look you, for hur must tell hur story hur own way.— Hur had a law-suit with another about being the right heir to his Estate, when he was forc'd to go to fight for his Kings and his Countries, and we have never seen him fince; when hur was gone, the Law-suit was given against hur, and his opponent got one half, and the lawyers, you may be sure got the other.— Her Mistress heard hur was in America and we sail'd here, where we had been landed but three days, when one dark, dismal night,— (St. Taffey's sake's, her thinks hur shall never forget it,) the Indians came town upon us, helter-skelter, the copper-colour'd tevils, and kill'd all the people.—

Elinor. What all!—

Winifred. All put hur, and hur Mistress, and the poor little poy, look you.— There was one chief, call'd Patowmac, heavens pless his prawn face, for tho' hur seem'd no better than a pagan, hur had the heart of a Christian, look you, and we all knelt; hur knelt, and hur Mistress knelt, and the poor little poy knelt when he saw his mother kneel, and heaven stirr'd the heart of the prawn chief, and he sav'd our lives, and gave us this Cottage to live in, where there pe such Mountains as there pe in Merionethshire. Puthere comes hur Mistress herself look you.

[Exit]

Enter ZELIPHA from the COTTAGE.

Zelipha. My friend, my guardian angel, the preserver of my boy.

Elinor. I, ma'am? Your adventures are so charmingly

ingly romantic, such a source of conversation, that one can look back on them with pleasure. Forgive my curiosity, but, tho' we are in America, I think I see an English Cottage.

Zelipha. I find my talkative Winifred has left part of my story untold. This Cottage (which was given me by the Cherokees) from its resemblance to the spot where I first saw my Henry, I have cherished till I could almost fancy myself at my long-lost home,—but my boy, my child, he's safe, for he is under your protection.—

Elinor. O no, I have placed him under one who is better able to protect him—an Officer who has the chief command at our settlement.

Zelipha. An Englishman?—

Elinor. Yes.—

Zelipha. Then he will faithfully protect him.

Elinor. O ma'am he is esteemed and belov'd as the reliever of the distress.—

Zelipha. And his name?—

Elinor. Blandford—Col. Blandford.

Zelipha. Oh heavens my husband!—

Elinor. Your husband! one would live twenty years without a husband, for the sake of finding him in so romantic a manner.

Zelipha. O save me! save me! from this excess of joy—curiosity, joy, and surprise, at once rush in upon my spirits! O my friend excuse this distraction.

Elinor. O ma'am I will find the Col. for you, he is not far off; I feel for you sincerely; — Alas I am afraid my Cousin Jack has taught me, that my heart is but too susceptible of that passion from which flows so many joys and sorrows.

DUETTO.

Zelipha. And does a fond emotion,
Your youthful bosom know?

Eli. Alas! with love's devotion,—
Does that fond bosom glow!

Zeli. When absent from your lover—
You all my heart discover,

Both

THE CHEROKEE.

27

- Both. *Love's pains I know too well,
The fatal hour of parting,
What words its pang can tell!—
The tear of memory starting,
Repeats the last farewell.*
- Zeli. *What joy my Henry meeting,
When first he views this grove.*
- Eli. *His eyes enraptur'd greeting,
The work of faithful love.*
- Zeli. *Yet scenes of grief reviving,
From them new joys deriving,
To sorrow then farewell.*
- Both. *What words { our } Blis's can tell,
{ your }
The tear of joy oft starting,
No more { we } Bid farewell.
{ you }*

Exit ELINOR and ZELIPHA into the COTTAGE.

SCENE—SETTLEMENT, Enter BLANDFORD.

The more I think of this Zelipha, the more I
feel myself interested—this boy too, the very name:
and age,—'tis a mystery I must unravel. —

SONG.

*A secret power impelling,
Tho' reason bids me stay;
Yet fancy joy foretelling,
The impulse I obey!
The flattering, ardent hope of love,
I dare not entertain.
Ah! should this wish'd-for meeting prove,
Each fond idea vain—
A secret pow'r, &c.*

Enter ELINOR.

O. Col. Blandford, I have a message for you,
from a fair Lady.

Blandford. From a lady?—

Elinor. Yes, from Zelipha—

Blandford. From Zelipha? —

Enter

THE CHEROKEE.

Enter J. AVERAGE.

O Cousin Elinor—Cousin Blandford—Col. Blandford I mean.

Elinor. How he follows me about—now I'll plague him a little.—

J. Average. Col. Blandford, I wish to say a few words to you.

Blandford. Well Sir—but what of Zelipha?

J. Aver. This confirms my suspicions, 'tis plain she has dup'd me, and Blandford is the man of her heart.—Col. I wish to resign my Commission.

Blandford. As you please, Sir.

Elinor. Jack is delightfully miserable.

Blandford. But what of Zelipha?—

Eli. She is so full of acknowledgements to you—

J. Average. Col. I—I—I am going to England—

Blandford. A good voyage to you Sir—

J. Average. Damnation!—but I must speak to her—Ah! Cousin Elinor, how do you do?

Elinor. How do you do, Cousin Jack?

(*J. Av. walks backwards and forwards.*)

Blandford. My dear Miss Elinor, tell me who is this Zelipha.

Elinor. That ~~she will tell you herself,—she will~~ give you a meeting—

Blandford. When! where!

Elinor. You go to the east end of my Fathers grounds, and I will be with you, as soon as I can get rid of my Cousin Jack—

Blandford. A thousand, thousand blessings on you—(*kisses her hand.*)

Exit.

J. Average. Mighty fine, setting her hand to the agreement.

Elinor. That Col. Blandford is a fine man; I should like him for my—

J. Average. That's a Nota-bene for my observation—this voyage will take me a long time to get ready.

Elinor. That's intended for my hearing.

J. Ave. Query, does she take notice of me now?

Eli. I wonder if he'll speak first. (*crosses, she sings, he whistles.*) O Bless me Mr. Average, are you here?

J. Average.

THE CHEROKEE.

23

J. Average. O Ma'am, your most obedient—don't let me disturb your meditations.

Elinor. Ouns Sir, I am going—the Col. is waiting for me.

J. Average. Good bye Cousin——

Elinor. Good bye—obstinate as the very devil.

(afide, Exit)

J. Average. Well said, female pride, but I'll be reveng'd, I'll go among the Indians, turn warrior, become a Chief, perhaps the progenitor of a mighty nation, and my name shall be,—aye what shall my name be? something ending with Chi, tie, taw; signifying a red Lion, or a black Bear, or some other animal of ferocious dignity: then when I am roving on a hunting-party, with my wives, concubines, and other subjects, over ten degrees of latitude, Elinor will be smoak-dry'd in a lane in London, smirk'd up with a City shop-keeper.

SONG.

Glory, firing,
Fame inspiring,

Rousing ev'ry grand sensation;
I was born for a fate
So high and so great
It exceeds all calculation.

Huzza! for a fate,
So high and so great,
That exceeds all calculation.

Then if to England I should go,
On weighty affairs of my nation,
There I shall be the first rate show,
And for nine days lead the fashion.

Bond-Street Flaunting,
Hat and caps enchanting.

Alamode de l'Iroquois.
With Tomahawks in rings,
And Hatchets hung to strings:
Ev'ry Belle will seem a squaw.

Then to the play,
Perchance I stray,

And

THE CHEROKEE.

*And in the stage-box vapour—
Spying Elinor sit,
Cramm'd up in the pit,
Snug with her woollen draper.
My strange attire,
While all admire,
And purblind beaux surround me;
“ La ! 'tis my belief
“ 'Tis the Indian Chief ;”
Buz the beauteous girls around me;
I bow—the house applaud—Oppress'd,
Yet pleas'd with their approbation,
My grateful heart beats in my breast,
Success to the British nation.
Glory firing, &c.* (Exit.)

SCENE—ZELIPHA's Cottage, Enter BLANDFORD.

I wonder where Elinor stays—she promised to meet me e'er this—I'll stay near this spot and wait her coming.

Enter WINIFRED from Cottage.

Winifred. Sir ! Sir !—is your name Blandford ?
Blandford. Yes—

Winifred. Then pray you stay and see my Mistress, the Indians call her Zelipha, but she is your own country-woman for all that—

Blandford. The Indians Call her ! is her name Harriot ?—knows she the name of Blandford ?

Wini. What would you signifyby that, look you ?
Blandford. To see my first dear, and only Love—

Winifred. O joys, and plessings, and delights, what a constant good soul it is—but do not you be too hafty, look you; hur will tell you a short story before hur goes, and it shall be worth your listening to, look you.

SONG.

<i>A shepherd once had lost his love,</i>	<i>Fal, fal, &c.</i>
<i>And as he sought her in the grove,</i>	<i>Fal, fal, &c.</i>
<i>Where she slept, as he did stray,</i>	<i>Fal, fal, &c.</i>
<i>A little bird sung from a spray,</i>	<i>Fal, fal, &c.</i>
	<i>In</i>

THE CHEROKEE.

25

*In vain this bird did strain her throat, Fal, lal, &c,
 In vain she varied oft her note ;
 The foolish shepherd wander'd on,
 The fair one rose, and soon was gone,
 At last the bird did to him say, Fal, lal, &c
 If you will not, when you may,
 When you will, you shall have nay,
 The little bird then flew away. Fal, lal, &c.
 (Exit into the COTTAGE)*

Blandford. My curiosity is rais'd to such a pitch, what with Elinor, and what with this girl, that I can scarce contain myself—Ah 'tis my Harriett! or does strong fancy picture to my view the resemblance of her I shall never see more?—see it comes this way—my senses are sure deceived.

Enter ZELIPHA from COTTAGE—

No my Henry, your senses are not deceived, Zelipha, is indeed your long-lost, faithful Harriett.

Bland. Thro' what wide changes have we been!

Zel. Wretched indeed have been our sufferings, but all's o'er paid by living to hail this happy hour.

Blandford. And our boy too—

Zelipha. Was given to a father's care.

Blandford. Unerring nature fix'd him to my heart.—But come my love, let's away from —

Zelipha. Stay! I am at present but the captive of the Indian who plac'd me here.

Blandford. He is my friend, and will, with pleasure, behold you in my arms.—

D U E T T O.

Zeli. Then, no more my dearest blessing,
 Let pale doubt our hopes annoy ;
 For constancy each fear repressing,
 Twines for us her wreath of joy.

Bland. Love still has been our guide
 To bliss, thro' Hymen's fane :
 Oh ! may no ill betide,
 Nor may we part again.

C

Both

Both. Misfortune befriending,
 This moment of delight;
 On contrast depending,
 Each pleasure shines more bright.
 Our past adventures viewing,
 They fearful visions seem;
 Kind fortune hope renewing,
 We wake from sorrows dream.

SCENE—OLD AVERAGE'S HOUSE.—

Enter JEREMY.

O Bless us! Bless us! this is the time I was to meet my charming Fanny, and a blessed time it is too—all the family are out.—

(J. AVERAGE without.) Jeremy! Jeremy!
 Jeremy. O Bless us! there's Mast. Johnny come back again.

Enter FANNY.

O Mr. Jeremy I want to speak with you.
 Jeremy. And I want to speak with you too, stay, stay, my dear, I'll be back immediately. [Exit.
 Fanny. What a formal creature it is, I long to hear him make love, that I may have the pleasure of laughing at him.—

(J. AVERAGE without.)
 You may go out, Jeremy, I sha'nt want you.

JEREMY (entering)

O good luck send you once out of the house.
 Fanny. I have something to tell you, Mr. Jeremy.
 Jeremy. And I've something to tell you, my dear.
 O if I had but learnt my lesson. [JA. laughs without.
 Fanny. Here's your Master coming.
 Jer. O Bless us! Bless us! what shall I do?—here, here, just step into this room, my dear, and I'll get rid of him directly. [Fanny goes in at chamber door.

Enter J. AVERAGE.

Ha! ha! ha! ha!—so my uncle is quite angry because I won't marry Elinor, you know, Jeremy, I have already forbid you to mention her name to me.

Jeremy.

THE CHEROKEE.

27

Jeremy. Yes sir, you have forbid me ten times within this half hour.

J. Average. Yes I know; but have now returned to tell you for the last time, I have quite done with her;—She's out of my books, I have erased her name, for she has used me cursed ill—that is between ourselves, you know, but she has used me cursed ill.

Jeremy. Well but what of that? you know you don't mind it.

J. Average. No, no, I don't mind it—but in these cases you know, we should never trust to our own feelings, but to abide implicitly by the advice of some calm dispassionate friend.—Now Jeremy, I have a very high opinion of you, I take you to be a very clever fellow, now, in this case, what would you have me do?

Jeremy. I suppose you would have me speak truth Sir?

J. Average. Certainly! you know, Jeremy, he's a false friend who flatters our errors.

Jeremy. Well then, Sir, in the first place I do'nt think you have any thing at all to complain of; and in the next place, if Miss Elinor, as you say, has used you ill, the best way to mortify her, is never to see her any more: there now what do you think of me?

J. Average. Think you're a blockhead, that you was born a blockhead, that you'll live a blockhead, and that you'll die a blockhead,—and I am a greater blockhead, to ask such a blockhead's opinion. Yes, I will see her again, if it is only to tell her she has lost my heart; she may write it off to profit and loss; — it's a bad debt, she'll never recover it.

Jeremy. Then she'll draw on your affections, and you'll pay the bill.

J. Average. I pay the Bill, I'll not accept it,---- let her note it; let her protest it—what care I for her noting, and her protesting? I have no effects, it's all gone; my answser is I have no effects.

Jeremy. O well, we shall see, we shall see.

C 2

J. Ave.

THE CHEROKEE.

J. Average. Elinor is insolvent in truth and gratitude, and I have larger claims on her, than she can satisfy.

Jeremy. O then you'll come to a composition, and take what she can give.

J. Average. Well, Jeremy, we'll drop the subject, never more to be resumed.—*Jeremy,* pray is there any news stirring?

Jeremy. Why the best news, Sir, that I know of, —is, that quarrelsome fellow, Malooko, fell out with his brother chiefs, and has taken himself off to his own Country and all his Imps with him.

J. Average. If Elinor should ask you any questions about me, tell her you never saw me in better spirits, a 100 per Cent better than usual, that you never saw my stock of health better, above par.— but go on with your news.

Jeremy. And poor Madam Zelipha will at last be releas'd from her troubles, ah! poor Lady I am sure—

J. Average. How light and easy one seems when releas'd from the bondage of Love—love is the bankruptcy of happiness; but I have got thro' it, —I may say, my certificate is sign'd—but why don't you go on with your news?

Jeremy. And her son too has found a friend; ah! poor fellow, Miss Elinor is so fond of him —
(*J. AVERAGE collaring JEREMY.*) Fond of who! what! who is he? what sort of a man is he?

Jeremy. No sort of a man; it is only a little boy.

J. Average. Ha! ha! ha! I knew it was only a little boy; (*they both laugh, Fanny laughs with them*) somebody laughs in that room—Oh its Elinor,— I know her voice—come forth.

Jeremy. Why Sir it's —

J. Average. I am deaf to ev'ry voice but her's— come forth my Love, and receive your penitent on his knees.—

Jeremy. Why Lord Sir it's our Fanny, and a Girl of spirit she is too.

J. Average. Our Fanny, and how came our Fanny there?—

Fanny.

THE CHEROKEE 29

Fanny. Excuse my laughing ; — I was sent on a message from your uncle ; he requires you to give him, under your hand, a paper, resigning all right and title to her hand, that he may dispose of her elsewhere.

J. Average. And who is the happy man ?

Fan. I can't betray the secrets of my employers.

J. Average. Ay, I dare say 'tis Blandford.— I shall do nothing without consulting my attorney, so come along Jeremy. [Exit.]

Jeremy. I am glad you are gone—now, my dear !

(bell rings)

Fan. There Mr. Jeremy, your Master wants you.

Jer. My dear, he does not know what he wants— now I do—O if I could, but I have not learnt my lesson yet—if I could but tell her my meaning.

DUETTO. JEREMY and FANNY.

Jeremy. Fair one those eyes command me,

Say, won't you understand me ?

Smile not—you know it well,

Must I my meaning tell ?

Fanny. Hark ! there's your Master waiting.

Jeremy. Must I my meaning tell ?

Fanny. Why should my eyes command you ?

Ought I to understand you ?

Ought I to hear you ?—no

My cheeks with blushes glow.

Jeremy. Bless us ! that plaguey bell.

Fanny. Be quick there's your master waiting.—

Jeremy. Lo at your feet prostrating,

My humble faithful heart.

Fanny. Well, well, there again.

Jeremy. Curse the bell !—. Hither he'll come, I fear ?

So go, I must, I hear —

Fanny. And won't you then hear ?

Jeremy. Yes, yes, pull away —

Lovely creature—aye— I hear,

Dearest charmer I dont fear;

Here I'll stay—pull away.

Fanny. Why dont you answer your Masters bell ?

Jeremy. Fair one those eyes command me !

Fanny. Why should my eyes command you, &c.

Exit JEREMY.

Enter

THE CHEROKEE.

Enter RAMBLE.

Right before the wind Mr. Jeremy, at the rate of nine knots an hour,—Ha! my little Fanny, wither art thou bound?

Fanny. Pray, Mr. Ramble, on what service are you bound, that you think yourself intitled to question me?

Ramble. Under orders from old Average—so I came here in a pleasant gale.

Fanny. Aye, something concerning his daughter and Nephew I suppose.

Ramble. Why, what is the matter with them?

Fanny. Why they took a dislike to each other, merely because they were to be married, and they were no sooner parted, than they found they lov'd each other—

Ramble. Aye, they'll sail into the port of Matrimony at last, egad, I wish I was safe moor'd there myself—and along-side my charming Fanny—you know I was promised you at the church I hope my Fanny is constant.

Fanny. Why, truly as constant as I could be—but constancy is made up of so much fighing and weeping, that it's a vile enemy to the complexion.

SONG.

A Sailor lov'd a lass,
And she was true and kind :
But, ah! it came to pass,
He must go and leave her behind.
Ever to be true hearted,
A thousand times they swore ;
And they wept, and kiss'd and parted,
As many had done before.

Her prayers for her dearest jewel,
The winds and waves might move :
If the winds and the waves, so cruel,
Cared aught for maids in love.
But the raging tempests bellow,
His knell in hideous roar ;
They buried an honest fellow,
Where many had been before. Ah

THE CHEROKEE.

31

*Ah! poor unhappy Maiden,
She yielded to despair;
Nothing her grief persuading,
She raved—and tore her hair.
At length worn out with sorrow,
Unable to bear her pain,
She weds another to-morrow,
As many will do again.* (*Exeunt*)

SCENE—*Grounds belonging to Old Average's House.*

Enter MALOOKO, ONTAYO, and INDIANS.

Ontayo. But consider your danger—

Malooko. Talk not to me of danger,—is she not belov'd by Blandford—is not that enough—O Jealousy—if there be a Hell, as these Christians say, thou art it—were I possest of worlds, I'd give them all to purchase my revenge.

Ontayo. And dost thou indeed demand revenge?

Malooko. I do—but three victims only I desire—the Mother—my rival—and the Boy—as for the rest keep them 'till I have gained my secret cave—then let them go; they are not worth the having—

Ontayo. Retire—Blandford and Zelipha will soon be here.—On this spot I'll take my station—and when you hear me blow the horn, then rush on your prey. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter WINIFRED and ELINOR.

Winifred. Hur master and mistress are only taking a walk round the fields, and they will come down upon you unperceiv'd and join you by surprise.

Elinor. I wish they were, for 'tis getting dusk.
[*Exit Winifred.*]

F
INAL E. *Enter Blandford, Zelipha, & Ontayo.*

Elinor. Cool evenings breeze inviting,
In whispers sighs around:

Blandford. To lovers how inviting,
The sympathetic sound.

Zelipha. The air with fragrance teeming
Loves accents shall convey.

Ontayo. The moon her radiance beaming,
Directs us to our prey. *Eli.*

THE CHEROKEE.

Elinor. *No more her fate bewailing,
The bird of night complains ;
O'er nature now prevailing,
An awful silence reigns.*

Enter Winifred, and Jeremy.

Win. *From the forest the Indians are coming upon us,
Defence will not do us much good ;*

Jer. *O Bless us ! our folly too sure has undone us.
By living next door to a wood :*

Both. *{ My heart is in such a sad flutter,
{ Not a single word more can I utter.*

Enter RAMBLE, FANNY, OFFICER, and BLUSTER.

*Fatal news—our fears confound us ;
No assistance can we gain ;
Indian warriors quite surround us,
All resistance is in vain.*

Men. Fatal error.

Women. Night of terror.

Ram. Fan. *Soon you'll hear the warriors near :*

Men. Try resistance,

Women. Seek assistance,

Ram. Fan. *All resistance must be vain.*

Men. We'll not yield us,

Women. Heav'n will shield us ;

Ram. Fan. *Listen, softly, soon you'll hear
The warriors yell, bespeak them near.*

All. Listen softly,

Men. We'll defend ye,

Women. Heaven befriend ye,

Ram. Fan. *All resistance must be vain.*

All. In dread suspense we trembling wait,
The eventful crisis of our fate.

Enter MALOOKO and INDIANS, from different Parts.

Mal. Onta. *Attend ! are you ready to rush on your prey ?*

Indians. *{ Yield or die, ye are caught in the snare—*

{ Provokenot your fate —of resistance beware !

Ah ! fatal error !

Women. *{ Thus to be betray'd,*

{ When night's gloomy terror,

{ Involves us in it's shade —

Malooko. *{ Vengeance loudly claims her due,*

{ The victims offer'd to my view. I land,

THE CHEROKEE.

33

- Blandford. *The dreadful sentence I await ;
Complaint I spurn—I dare my fate.*
- Women. *Ah ! fatal error, &c.*
- Malooko. *Revenge, I feel thy glowing joy,
Yet there's a victim lags behind ;
Where does he stay --the captive boy ?*
- Winifred. *Look you—that boy you'll never find.
O may no harm his life befall,
He shall one day avenge us all.*
- Eland. Zeli. *A ray of comfort gilds our gloom,
The boy escapes his parent's doom.*
- Indians. *Night forbids a longer stay—
The hour is come—we must away.
Brave warriors hear, for honor's sake*
- Women. *Our helpless plaint—Oh ! pity take,*
- Indians. *No—night forbids a longer stay,
The hour is come we must away—*
- CHORUS.** *The bolt, which heaven in wrath employs,
The hapless Hunter thus destroys :
Scarcely he feels the sudden pang,
And with the fatal flash expires ;
While the loud bursting thunders clang,
Proclaims the triumph of its fires.*

A C T III.

SCENE continued. Enter FAN. and ELL.

Elinor. This is a strange adventure ; that they should only take poor Blandford and Zelipha, is wonderful.

Fanny. It is indeed Ma'am ; but I must return with your answerto your father ; he desires you will sign a paper immediately, giving up all right and title to your cousin Jack.

Elinor. No, that I am sure I will not ; nothing shall induce me to give up my dear cousin Jack.

Fanny. Your Father is now prescribing the same terms to your cousin—

Elinor. I am sure he will not agree to them ; but go in and see Fanny. (*exit Fan.*) What a fool have I been—If my cousin Jack had really loved me, he would never have believed me.

THE CHEROKEE.

SONG.

*Dearest youth too long dissembling,
From your view, my ardent flame:
I feel, while at my folly trembling,
How much, alas! I've been to blame!
Yet surely did you read my eyes,
You soon must there the truth surprize.
Hark! I hear him, 'tis my love;
Oh! may my voice attention move,
He's gone, alas! for ever—
My vows are lost in air;
From every joy I sever,
My lot must be despair.*

Enter HENRY.

Pray Miss Elinor, do you know where my Mother is? I've hunted all over the house and can't find her.

Elinor. O dont ask me—

Henry. O you are at your jokes again, are you? I'll be even with you, I've a great mind not to tell you the news.

Elinor. What news?—

Henry. Why, your cousin Jack's return'd, and there has been such a bustle between him and your father, and all about you.—Aye I know more than you think I do.

(*J. Average without.*) I'll not agree to it! I'll not submit to any such thing. (*enters*) So madam, this is some precious scheme of yours I suppose.

Elinor. What scheme?—

J. Average. Why your father has just insisted upon my signing a paper, giving up all rights and title to your hand, that he may dispose of you elsewhere.

Elinor. And have you sign'd it?—

J. Average. No, nor never will; I'll not be imposed upon.

Eli. He has just been prescribing the same to me.

J. Average. And have you submitted to them?

Elinor. No, nor never will; I'll not be impo'sd upon. He has given me an hour to consider of it, and that hour is expired.

J. Ave.

J. Average. A bles'd situation we are in.

Henry. Aye, this comes of fibbing, people never get any good by being deceitful. You know I have often heard you say, you did not care a farthing for your cousin.

J. Average. Well, so I did—

Henry. And I told him at the same time, Miss Elinor, I knew he lov'd you dearly— and I told him not to mind you either, when you toss'd up your head, for I knew you was as great a fibber as he.

J. Average. What do you think of that, Elinor?

Henry. Now my Mother, when I tell her any thing, which she thinks not true, makes me beg pardon, and promise never to do the like again; and I think you ought to ask pardon of each other, and promise never to offend so again.—Good bye, —I know you'll take my advice [Exit.]

J. Average. Go along, you little chattering fellow, go, or I'll throw my cap at you.—well, Elinor, there's no more to be said.

Elinor. Take my hand, my heart's your's already.

J. Average. I accept the transfer—O Elinor, what an unhappy unit is a batchelor; ay, and a Maiden too, Elinor.

Elinor. But is not the lordly husband apt to reduce that maiden-unit to a cypher — what think you of my arithmetic?

J. Average. Why according to your numeration table of Matrimony, the cypher, added to the unite, gives it an addition of ten times more value.

Elinor. Well, but what will my father say?

J. Average. O he's a bear, and would depress the value of the fund; but we'll be married in spite of him: my friend Ramble has prepar'd ev'ry thing for us at the next settlement; and we'll purchase a long annuity of satisfaction, rising ev'ry day in its value like a tontine.

Elinor. My dear Jack, no more counting-house, but mirth and gaiety for ever.—

J. Average. And we'll be as happy as want of thought can make us.

D U E T T O

DUETTO.

*In former times the silent bride,
With bridegroom all in state;
To Hymen's altar gravely march'd,
So stupidly sedate;
And stammering, blushing, struck with awe,
While neither dar'd look up or speak:
The wedding ceremony was,
A mere ballet tragique.
But now adieu, to pomp we're past,
To ages of romance;
And modern wedlock is become,
A kind of country dance;
When man and wife take hands—then part,
And ev'ry nuptial care dispel;
While Hymen bids the fiddle strike,—
Vive La Bagatelle.*

Exeunt.

SCENE—Chamber—Enter JEREMY and BLUSTER.

Jeremy. The sun is rising, and the Indians have left us, Bless us, Bless us, what a night have we pass'd.—

Bluster. Ay but are they really gone, or are they only lurking in ambush; they are cursed cowards;—O sir, this busines was badly manag'd, I say but little, but had I been Commanding Officer—

Jeremy. Better as it is, for you know you are apt to be too rash.

Bluster. I never mentioned that, for fear it might stop my promotion; to be too rash, as you observe, is a bad thing in a Commander, but that's my failing.

Jeremy. Now you have acted the part of a friend by me, by placing such confidence in me, as to own your failing:—as we are alone—I'll just tell you one of mine—rather different from your's, to be sure; you have too much courage, now I am afraid I have too little:—but the devil of it is, I can't hide my failing as you do yours, for my cowardice is more apparent than your valour.

Bluster. Well Sir? —

Jer.

THE CHEROKEE. 37

Jeremy. You see yesterday during the battle, I just step'd up into a tree, and have been the jest of my acquaintance ever since, and as I happen at this time to be very much in Love, and women you know, love heroes, mighty fond of a red coat; I want you to give me a little instruction.

Bluster. Aye, then what you can't bring up in front of bravery, you want just to rally a little.

Jeremy. Now what I am going to observe is, that if a battle was but like a cold bath, where a man might take a plunge, come out with a whole skin, and go home again, I should like it very well; but these curs'd bullets, are very bad company, I am afraid I should always be bowing to them.— O here comes Winifred, my little welsh girl.— (*Enter Winifred*) You promised you would give me a lesson how to make love. Serjeant Bluster has been—

Winifred. Serjeant Bluster?—

Jeremy. O Lord aye, you don't know how courageous he is.

Winifred. Prave is he, look you? it looks like a prave man to go down into the cellar, when the rest of the soldiers were fighting. Oh that I was but a man, that I might shoulder a musket as a volunteer against that black rogue Malooko. What will the poor little poy say, when he discovers the losf of his parents.

Bluster. Aye there they go—our brave troops are on their march, and if Malooko has not made the best of his way, I would not be in his skin for a trifle.

Wini. You like a whole skin, I believe, look you or, you would have gone with them after Malooko.

Bluster. Woman, what do you know of Military affairs, what do you know of tactics—can you choke in the front, to the right wheel—stand to your fort—bring up the heavy artillery, boo!—

Winifred. Hur can see a great coward as well as other folks, boo!

Bluster. You are a woman, 'tis lucky for you

Winifred. 'Tis lucky for you too, or I would knock about your creat pate, look you— *Exit.*

Enter HENRY

O Gentlemen I am glad I have found you; you are warriors, I am sorrowful, and could weep, but 'tis not manly to shed tears.

Jeremy. That's a fine boy, he'll make a great hero.

Henry. I want you to assist me in seeking my father and mother.

Bluster. Ay, they are half way to Malooko's country, by this time.

Henry. O no, I've a notion they are in the cave where he confined me.

Bluster. Where is that cave?

Henry. I'll bring you to it.

Bluster. Victory! Victory! I burn for the attack.

Henry. 'Tis but a little out of the wood—I know my way into it by a secret path an Indian boy shew'd me—even Malooko himself is unacquainted with it, I should have made my escape if I had not been set at liberty—we must be quick or they will escape.

Bluster. They shant escape—we'll march a strong detachment there immediately.

Jeremy. Let it be a strong one—

Henry. We must take them by surprise—

Jeremy. So we will, four or five hundred of us.

Henry. O no, us three will do it.

Jeremy. Us three, child—Serj.—

Bluster. Nothing to be done without a counsel of war.

Henry. Come Gentlemen, where are your muskets—you see I have brought my bow and arrows—

Jeremy. Your bow and arrow child!—

Henry. Yes the Indians taught me to shoot, and I am an excellent mark, I assure you—[aiming at *Jeremy*.]

Jeremy. O take care my dear.

Henry. Don't think I'd deceive you, the secret path I tell of, is a safe retreat, if unguarded—and I assure you I know my way into the very cave.

Jer. Are you sure you know your way out of it!

Henry. Malooko has determined never to be taken alive, and he has undermined the cave with gunpowder.

Jer.

THE CHEROKEE.

39

Jeremy. Cave!—Gunpowder!—*Serj.* this boy's troubled with your malady, extreme rashness—

Bluster. This is a business of such nicety, and requires so much coolness, that I am absolutely afraid to trust myself, you are a brave lad—I like your courage—I'll consult my commanding officer—and to-morrow—

Henry. To-morrow, O that will be too late, perhaps even now it is.

Bluster. Perhaps it is, but follow me— [Exit.

Henry. No, Sir, if you won't follow me, I'll have nothing to do with you—

Jeremy. You are a very fine boy, but I must follow my commanding officer— [Exit.

Henry. What shall I do?—my father is a brave warrior, let me do nothing unworthy of him—I'll go myself, If I should succeed, what's my reward,— how my father will love me—if I should fail and me the Indians kill, I share his fate, and die nobly.

SONG.

The call of honour I obey,

A father's life to be restored;

So fame shall lead the way.—

Hark! I hear my bright reward:

He leads me to the hostile shore,

I hear the din of battle roar,

Loud the warlike trumpets blow!

While shouts around,

To Heaven resound,

And ev'ry Soldier deals a wound,

Fatal to our foe.—

A Father's life, &c.

[Exit.]

SCENE, *Malooko's Cave.* Enter Indians bringing in Blandford. enter Malooko, Ontayo, & other Indians, bringing in Zelipha.—

Malooko. Bring them along—Briton take your last look—ne'er shall those eyes behold her more—quick, bear off the haughty fair, to my secret cave, beside the mountain there wait my coming away with her.

Blandford. O my Harriet!—

Zel.

*Zelipha, O my Love—my Blandford—
Ontayo. Here shall he remain the prisoner of our
better fortune.*

*Malooko. Already our pursuers think us lost ; sure
in this Cave they dare not track us—yet, on the hills,
are centry's plac'd, and on the rivers banks :—*

Ontayo. They have their orders.

*Malooko. Here fall'n chief behold thy prison—
this cavern'd rock, form'd by nature of impenetrable
barriers, shut thee from ev'ry hope of comfort.—
From this rock no power on earth, except myself, can
free thee. His sullen silence stings me,— I go to
visit Zelipha, Yet ere I see her, let me behold that
wretch's scalp—Ontayo, ee you the task of ven-
geance done—Mark me, assure one of his death*

[Exit. with Indians]

Ontayo. Antonoso the task is thine—

[Exit. with Indians all but Antonoso.]

SONG. BLANDFORD.

*False hope dissembling, deceive me no more,
Strike, lingering destiny, strike I implore.*

At once compleat my woe ;

Display thy ills in store,

And quickly strike the blow.

Then welcome phrenzy with thy venom'd breath,

Before it fades expiring reason's light ;

My Eye-balls flash, the gleam of death

Again ! now all is lost in night!—

(throws himself down.—Antonoso going to stab him—re-
collects himself—then speaks.)

Briton ! arise, thy doom is death ; I could have
struck thee on the ground, and un-awares, but
that were mercy, and would wrong Malooko's
vengeance.

Blandford. Traitor, I struggle not.—Heaven
preserve my boy, for his mother's comfort, and to
avenge his Fathers wrongs. (Henry is seen on the rock,

Antonoso. Now, Briton, for thy soul's release.

Henry. Hold ! Savage, Hold, this to thy heart.

Shoots

THE CHEROKEE.

41

(Shoots him with an arrow,—he dies—Henry releases his father from the chains.) Sir! Sir! your sword. Your brave troops are all waiting at the fort, for you to command them.

Blandford. Now for revenge, and Harriett—on, on, my boy. (Exit up the side of the rock.)

SCENE—Rocks,—scream of Indians—Enter MALOOKO, ONTAYO, and INDIANS.

Malooko. Gone! let all the secret paths be watch'd—or let him go, what matter; the hour approaches fast, when we must pay great natures' debt.—Inflame the courage of our warriors; mean-time, Ontayo, prepare them for the daring Onset. [Exit with some of the Indians.

SONG—ONTAYO.

Soon as friendly night beneath,
Her veil conceals the earth and sea,
Binding with her poppy wreath,
The sun-burnt brow of industry;
Then like a murky sullen cloud,
Fraught with Heaven's destroying fire,
Hov'ring o'er the giddy croud,
The destin'd victims of our ire;
Silent will we watch the hour,
When revelry assumes her power;
When the poison of the grape,
Works the madd'ning spirits up,
'Till folly in her ev'ry shape,
Rises in the enchanted cup:
Then warriors at your post be found,
In whispers pass the watch word round,
"Avenge our nations cause!"

{Exeunt.

SCENE—a Wood—enter OLD AVERAGE, and RAMBLE.

O. Average. O Ramble, I wish you had but seen them when I refus'd my consent. Elinor look'd for all the world like an under-writer in stormy weather.

Ramble. And your nephew too.

D 3

O. Average

O. Average. Ay Jack bounc'd about like a squibb, but I was resolute, told them I had provided other parties.—

Ramble. And immediately they employ'd me to prepare ev'ry thing for their Marriage.

O. Average. And so they have actually agreed to run away.

Ramble. Yes, to the next settlement; like a vessel that keeps in port, fearful of hazy weather, and at last, is obliged to go in a Storm.

O. Average. Ay, Ay, I'll raise a storm over their heads yet;—I'll plague them, I'll warrant you.

Ramble. But here they come, fall to Leeward there a bit, while I speak to them.

Enter J. AVERAGE and ELINOR.

J. Average. Well Ramble is ev'ry thing prepared?

Ramble. The boat has been waiting for you this hour.

Elinor. Who was that you was talking with?

Ramble. Your Father!

Elinor. My Father!

Ramble. Yes he's quite angry with you both.

J. Average. Come, Elinor, let's away then directly.—
(going, sees her Father.)

O. Average. Your Servant, Sir! Your Servant Ma'am, ar'nt you a couple of fools, one word is as good as a thousand.

J. Average. Agreed.—

Elinor. We are very unfortunate Sir!

J. Average. Miserable in duplicate —

O. Average. Ar'nt you an ungrateful pair? answer immediately, prompt payment.

J. Average. Give me time to consider;—I require 3 days grace.—

O. Average. Grace! you deserve no grace, are you not a silly good-for-nothing pair?

J. Average. Yes, like the halves of a cut bank note, good-for-nothing when separated.

Elinor. My dear Sir, join us together, that we may be of some value.—

O. Average.

O. Average. Have you not th'warted my happiness as well as your own, by your silly whims? isn't this a true account? —

J. Average. Allowed to be a true account, witness John Average, Jun.

Elinor. You once told me in the most rigid accounts, you always admitted of errors excepted.

O. Average. Well, say no more, one word is as good as a thousand; — your punishment shall be adequate to your crime; you have plagued each other all your lives, and I think I can't reward you better than by joining you together? there, there.

Elinor. Believe me my dear sir, you have made me so happy. —

J. Average. Believe me my dear Sir, I have said every thing that words can express; then add &c., &c.

Enter WINIFRED, OFFICER and FANNY.

Winifred. Hur has good news for you, Miss Elinor; hur prave Master is releas'd, and his troops have surrounded Malooko's Cave; and I hope we shall once more see hur dear Mistrefs. —

SESTETTO.

Elinor. *Storms and various perils braving,*
The bark now safely makes the shore.

J. Average. *From despair her owner saving;*
He thus his treasure must adore.

Fanny. *From wedlock's haven, yet so far,*
What will become of me? —

Ramble. *Trust to a down-right honest tar,*
And your pilot let me be.

Ramble & Fan. { *And, &c.*

Winifred. { *And my pilot you shall be.*

Officer. *My prave master his soldiers com-*
[mands,

Wini. and Offi. *My happiness now I regain,*
Surrounding Malooko, his bands —

J. Av. Ram. Offi. *Success must their valor attain.*

Success, &c.

Eli.

Eli. Fan. & Win. *Into port, &c.*—
 J. Av. Ram. Off. *Thus each tar his brother cheering.*
 Eli. Fan. & Win. *Thus each, &c.*
 J. Av. Ram. Off. *Nearer still to shore advancing.*
 Eli. Fan. & Win. *Nearer, &c.*
 J. Av. Ram. Off. *Danger, thought of, now no more,*
 Eli. Fan. & Win. *Danger, thought, &c.*
 All. *{ On the deck, so merrily dancing,*
{ Now we hail our friends on Shore.
{ Exit.

SCENE, the Inside of Malooke's Cave—Blandford, Henry, and Soldiers, Come down the side of the rock, and arrange themselves in different parts; friendly Indians, with torches, firing and drumming beard,
 Enter Malooke, Ontayo, & Indians, one with a torch.

Malooke. Hold! Briton Hold—

Blandford. What wouldst thou traitor?

Malooke. Bring forth that fatal fair, she shall speak our purpose—bring her forth I say.—

[Zelipha brought in.
 O my countrymen, behold me here, ambaſſadreſſ
 for him.—

Blandford. How!

Zelipha. Nay, start not, Malooke, on pain of death, commands me to the task, he claims safe conduct to his country, for himself and Indians. Yet fearing the hatred of your soldiers, to his Indians, he demands hostages for their forbearance, and these hostages my husband and my son. Should this be granted he yields himself to your discretion.

Blandford. Let him but give thee to thy Henry's arms, and—

Zelipha. Hold! thus far I promised to deliver—now for myself, to you my love, I bid a last farewell, my boy too, but I forget my purpose;—you have heard his terms, and from my lips, accept them not, I charge you, even now the dark remorseless traitor weaves the snare of ruin. If once you trust yourselves within this cavern, he lures you to destruction.—

Malooke

THE CHEROKEE.

45

Malooko. Away with her to instant death, (*soldiers going to fire.*) Britons, if but a shot escape your muskets that moment is her last.

Zelipha. O my love! and you my countrymen, I die a willing sacrifice, live happy! live free! live united!

Malooko. Away with her!—she told thee true, I wanted thee and that same prating boy, to grace the triumph of my dying hour.—

Henry. Father! Father yet there's one way left.

[Bland. and Henry go up the rock.]

Malooko. Within the cavities of this gigantic rock, are plac'd the seeds of fire, curst Europe's fatal gift, which from her cannons mouth burst into Thunder—If there be any here who doth repent the vow he made to follow me in death, let him depart in peace.

Ontayo. We scorn the thought Malooko.

Malooko. Come then and let us shame these lookers on;—give me the torch;—The glorious flame when touched shall waft us to our fathers. Ontayo, it is a task worthy thy heraldry.

Ontayo. Judge my fidelity by this Act.

Malooko. I will give the signal.

Ontayo. Farewell, Malooko—*(Ontayo, going to set fire to the train, is shot by Blandford, who jumps down and slabs Malooko.)*

FINALE.—Enter the rest of the Characters.

Elinor. Let mirth assume the inspiring strain
Of love and truth the triumph sing.
'Till thro' love's universal reign
The heart-felt chorus spring.

Fanny Ramble. Within the forests deep recess
Or where the busy crowds resort;
The general canse will all confess,
The cottage and the court—

Zelipha. Bland. Freed from the cavern's dreary gloom,
Let us each moment now improve;

See

THE CHEROKEE.

Chorus
Henry

Fanny
Winifred
Ramble and
Officer
J. A.

Elinor

Chorus
Chorus
Chorus

*See life with ev'ry blessing bloom
O may it be a life of love—
Let mirth &c.
Blessed hour a long-lost parent lives
My drooping heart to cheer—
His fame my great example gives
In glory's bright career,
Oh happy day when fortune kind,
Deigns virtue to regard,
And to desert no longer blind,
On honor shower reward.
Your lockit, in love's Ledger fair,
Unto your Credit will I p β.
And 'till a wedding ring I wear,
This pledge of love shall be my boast.
Within the forests deep, &c.
Let mirth assume &c.
Oh! happy day when fortune kind. &c*

F I N I S.

ADDENDA.

Songs generally omitted in the Representation.

SONG. ELINOR.

Pretty miss, mamma's spoilt daughter,
When she goes to dancing school,
Early has this lesson taught her;
“ Lordly man—your born to rule.”

And this prophecy so pleasing,
Every day we see fulfil.
Sometimes coaxing! sometimes teasing!
We just do with him, what we will.

“ Child”—once gravely said my mother
“ Wedlock is a serious thing!”
“ La!” says I “ don’t make a pothoer,
When I’m married, I’ll dance & sing.

“ Yes,

THE CHEROKEE.

47

" Yes, dear Mama, your little daughter,
" Tho' not come from dancing school,
" Already has this lesson taught her,
" Lordly man, she's born to rule.

" To you I nothing have to say for it,
" I must obey your orders still:
" But I'll make husband pay for it,
" And have my own way that I will
Pretty miss, &c.

SONG. BLUSTER.

See! the enemy advancing!
Hark! the signal to engage;
While the charger proudly prancing,
Seems our victory to presage.
The cannon's cheering thunder,
Inspires us with delight.
And even cowards wonder,
They are not afraid to fight.
The front line now is scattered,
There press the fainting foe,
The left wing too is shattered.
(Victoria! Victoria!)
Pursue pursue the blow.
Tho' ruthless slaugther staining
With blood th'affrighted field,
The enemy disdaining,
All fear, still scorn to yield.
See! inspired with indignation,
Now they rally quick again,
Yet, tho' urg'd by desperation,
All their efforts are in vain.
But now we rout their van, boys,
Give quarter where you can, boys.
Huzza! our arms victorious,
Compleat their overthrow.
Success is doubly glorious
Against so brave a foe.
Hark! their drums reluctant beating,
Give the signal for retreating;
While our trumpet's welcome greeting,
Triumph sounds in sprightly tone,
Victoria! the day's our own.

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